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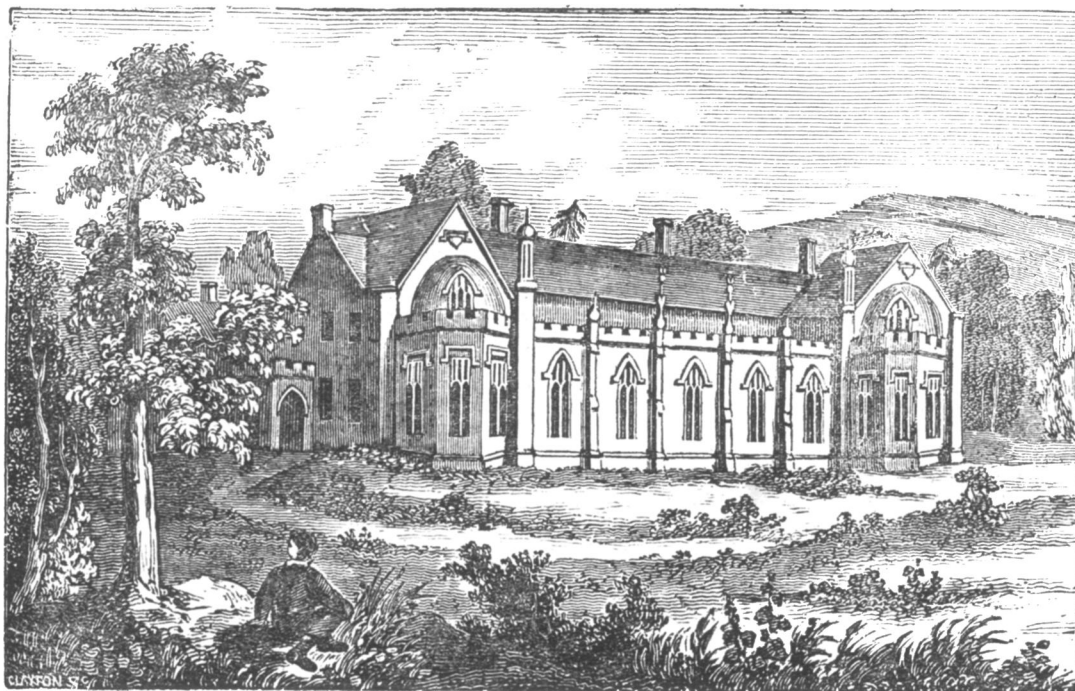
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E. Hayden.

GLENCAIRNE ABBEY.

Clayton, sc.

Glencairne Abbey, situated on the same margin of the river Blackwater with Lismore Castle, from which it is about three miles distant, is a pretty edifice, in the abbey style, and forms a prominent feature amongst the many beautiful and truly picturesque objects with which the banks of the above river are ornamented. It belongs to the family of the late Henry A. Bushe, Esq., by whom it was finished; and we regret to remark, that notwithstanding the bold situation, and the judiciously designed and highly finished compartments of the interior, yet (owing to the original projector) the exterior of the walls, with the exception of the buttresses, are a composition of plaster in imitation of limestone, which, although at present wearing so very pleasing an appearance to a superficial observer, must, in a few years, inevitably moulder to decay.

We the more readily make the above remark, as the immediate and surrounding country abounds with limestone, which might be procured at no great expense, and thus prevent the defects to which plaster must be liable.

E. H.

THE RUINED FORGE.

A December evening was falling fast, when a traveller left the inn of Kilworth to pursue his journey over the solitary mountains which divide the counties of Cork and Tipperary. He was a man of middle age, of an athletic frame, silent in his manner, and of a singularly stern and forbidding aspect: he was apparently a stranger in the country, and his whole appearance bespoke him a traveller rather for business than pleasure. He was wrapped in a horseman's large cloak, well mounted on a powerful black horse, and carried pistols in his holsters. As he was leaving the village his horse lost a shoe, which compelled him

to halt at a neighbouring forge. The smith was a man little liked by his neighbours; and many strange reports respecting his former avocations were afloat in the country. The traveller and he took but little notice of each other until the horse was shod; but, when the smith was receiving payment, a large scar on the stranger's right hand, attracted his attention; he raised his eyes to his face with an expression of surprise, but the instant he caught the dark, stern visage of the traveller, bronzed by the ruddy light of the forge, the blood fled from his cheek; and, with a half-smothered cry of horror, he dropped the money on the ground. The eyes of the stranger literally flashed fire, and his dusky figure, half seen by the flickering light, seemed to dilate with very rage.

"Hush!" said he, in a deep voice that the smith recognised right well. There was a dead silence.

The smith looked fearfully round, as if he thought the very walls had ears; then wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, he exclaimed, in an agony of terror,

"Are you come to me at last? Och, an it's little thim that's watchin' for ye know's who they're watchin' for; an' must I go wid ye?"

"Is not the time come?" said the stranger sternly.

"Sure enough," said the smith with a grin—it's come, sure enough. You'll be met on the road," added he in a lower voice, "for, as I tould ye, there's thim waitin' that thinks to stop ye; an' the loadin' of yer pistols is drhavin; an' the road over the mount'in is set."

The brow of the stranger grew dark as midnight, but he spoke not a word: he drew his pistols from the holsters. The smith had told him truth; the charge was gone, but the priming was untouched. The smith followed him with an anxious eye, as he turned towards the fire and deliberately loaded them again: a faint and ghastly smile curled